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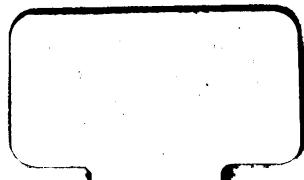
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From the Library of the
Fogg Museum of Art
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~~PAMPHLET
FILE~~

Stories of the Statues

1. The Venus of Melos.



Newark, N. J.
The Newark Museum Association
1913

The Most Beautiful Goddess—Venus.

Almost a hundred years ago, workmen were digging up the ground in a cave on the little island of Melos, not far from the coast of Greece, and found this statue, where it had been placed many hundreds of years before.

In that early time the Greeks were very fond of all beautiful things and they carved, often with very great skill, statues of the gods and goddesses they loved and worshipped. They built large and magnificent temples of many-colored marbles in which to place these statues, where they burned incense before them and sacrificed young animals in their honor.

Loving all beauty, it was the goddess of beauty they loved most of all, and they said to each other: "We must carve the most beautiful statue we can for the goddess we love the most." It was this statue among many others, that they then carved.

A French official at Constantinople heard of its great beauty and said: "I must take that statue as a present to my king." He went to Melos, bought it and took it to Paris. The king, Louis XVIII, was pleased at receiving so beautiful a gift. He put it into a museum at Paris, called the Louvre, where his people could see it every day.

There it still stands. Many copies of it have been made in bronze, marble and plaster, so that people all

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over the world can see it—and now we in Newark also.

No one knows who took the statue out of its temple and put it in the cave. It is thought that, at a time when most men in that region came to prize the value of marble as mere stone or as something they could burn to make lime, more than their gods and the beauty that had been carved into statues, some one, who still loved beautiful things, hid this Venus in a cave, that she might not be destroyed or carried away. All this happened over a thousand years ago. The statue is thought to be now about two thousand years old.

Venus is the goddess of love and beauty and the mother of little Cupid. She was born on the crest of a wave. The ocean nymphs at once fell in love with the beautiful baby and took her to their home beneath the waves, where they cared for her tenderly until she grew up.

When she was old enough to leave them and go to Mount Olympus, the home of all the gods, the Nymphs chose a beautiful shell, large enough for her to stand in and called upon Triton and Nereids, servants of Neptune the Sea-god, to draw it over the water to the shore. The wind goddess, Zephyr, blew a gentle breeze to waft her along, and thus she came, not to Mount Olympus, but to the Island of Cyprus.

Every one on the shore bowed down before her great beauty and the dwellers on Cyprus admired her so much that they made sacred to her their cities with their temples and altars and their groves.

She lived for a time on Cyprus, but reached Olympus at last. Here she became the wife of Vulcan, and was always escorted by Cupids and Graces when she walked about.

But after some years she left the home of the gods and came down to earth to show her beauty to mankind. Being the goddess of beauty and love, she gave her aid to all lovers and often sent her little son Cupid to shoot his arrows into the hearts of obstinate youths and maidens to make them fall in love.

Venus had a kind heart and always meant to make people happy, but sometimes she made mistakes. Indeed, she was once so vain that she caused an entire city to be destroyed.

It all came about at a wedding at which Venus and many other gods and goddesses were guests. An ugly goddess, however, had not been invited and, to cause discord among those who were enjoying themselves so much, she threw among them an apple, on which were written the words, "For the fairest."

Of course each goddess thought the apple was meant for her and each tried to pick it up—and then the trouble began!

All agreed at last that Juno or Minerva or Venus should have it, but no one could say which. It was decided that they must go to a beautiful shepherd named Paris, who tended his flocks on Mt. Ida, and ask him to select the fairest.

The three goddesses set forth, each eager to appear beautiful to the judge. Minerva came in glittering armor and promised the youth great wisdom if she won the prize. Juno, the queen of the gods, put on her royal robes and offered him endless wealth and power if he would award the apple to her. Venus buckled about her the magic belt which made everyone unable to resist the charm of her beauty. She whispered to Paris that if he chose her she would give him a bride as fair as herself. Paris did not consider long. He was overcome by her great beauty and by the thought of a bride as beautiful. He handed her the apple, and thus gained the hatred of Minerva and Juno.

The promised bride was Helen, fairest of all women, and already the wife of King Menelaus. As Venus had promised, she left Menelaus and went with Paris, who proved to be a son of King Priam, to Troy, his father's famous city. Menelaus called on his fellow kings of Greece to help him bring Helen back. They besieged Troy for ten years, and at last captured and burnt it. And thus Venus, through the lovely Helen, caused a fair city to be destroyed.

If the arms of this statue of Venus had not been broken off when it was hidden in the cave, how would they appear? Perhaps the goddess would have been leaning on a shield or holding up her drapery; no one knows. They may have been raised to smooth her hair before setting forth to win the golden apple, for the poet Cowper tells us,

"Venus oft with anxious care
Adjusted twice a single hair."



Map of Greece and the *Æ*gean Sea, showing the location of Melos.

The Museum's Collection of Sculptures.

The collection of casts of the Newark Museum Association was bought of P. P. Caproni and Brother, of Boston, Mass. There are sixty pieces and they represent several periods and schools of sculpture, from ancient Assyrian to Italian Renaissance. They were installed in May, 1913, in one of the rooms on the fourth floor of the Library Building, which was decorated especially for the purpose by the painter Mr. Max Weber of New York. Other casts about which stories are to be published are:

King Assur-bani-pal and his Lion Hunt.

The Greek Charioteer.

The Sphinx.

The Hero Achilles.

Greek Memorials to the Dead.

Brutus, an Untrue Friend.

The Parthenon, a Greek Temple.

The Italian Singers.

Castor, the Horse-tamer.

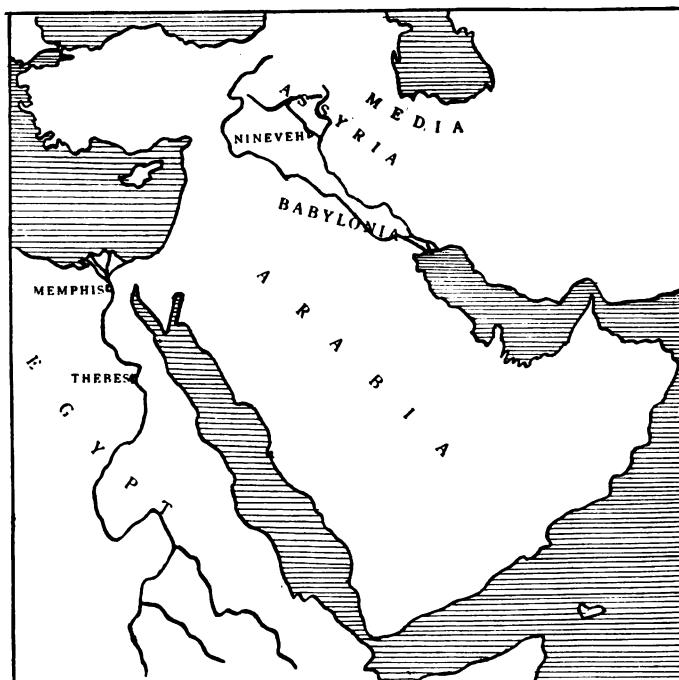


THE VENUS OF MELOS

FILE

Stories of the Statues

2. The Lion Hunt



Newark, N. J.
The Newark Museum Association
1914



Ashurbanipal and His Lion Hunt

Over two thousand years ago there ruled over Assyria, a country to the east of Egypt, a king named Ashurbanipal. His father, whose name was Esarhaddon, died when Ashurbanipal was a young man and left him his country to rule over. It was a hard task to rule a country at that time, for all kings then liked to go to war to show their bravery. And Assyria had many enemies on every side. The most dreaded of these were the Medes and the Babylonians.

Like all the other kings, Ashurbanipal was warlike, too. He was not content to fight only when enemies came to attack him. He made long war journeys into other countries. He went to Egypt and captured Memphis and Thebes more than once; he marched into Babylonia, also, and fought against his own brother. He was cruel in victories. It is said that when he captured other kings or princes of high birth, he would harness them to his war chariot and let them pull him many hundreds of miles on his way back to Assyria.

But, unlike other warlike kings of those days, Ashurbanipal did much for his country besides conquering other lands. He and his father were great builders. Esarhaddon, his father, had ten palaces built and thirty-six temples. Ashurbanipal did not build as many; but he did erect a palace at Nineveh which was very famous. He had it made of bricks. There is no building stone in Assyria, which is a flat, sandy country without many hills.

Ashurbanipal had earth heaped up to form a huge mound on which to set his palace, so that it would be higher than all the houses round about, and could be seen from a great distance. His prisoners of war built his hill and did the brick laying on his palace. In his day all prisoners of war became slaves and worked for their captors. Among these prisoners were many Arab chieftains.

On the top floor of this palace Ashurbanipal arranged his library. Not many people could read at that time and there were not many books. Ashurbanipal loved books and had his slaves copy many of the old ones of his kingdom and some of the books he had taken in war from the Babylonians. They were copied, not as we do it now by printing; but were scratched on prepared skins with a reed.

The walls of the rooms of his palace he decorated with marble statues and carved reliefs. And, to add to his own fame, most of these pictured events in his own life, showing his bravery in war,

his magnificent feasts at court, or his elaborate hunting parties.

It is mostly from these carvings on Ashurbanipal's walls, and on walls elsewhere in Assyria, that we know so much about the Assyrians of those times. If histories were written then, they have not come down to us. We know how they lived, what their furniture, tools and clothing were like and how they looked. We know about their religion, their daily habits and their wars, and even much about their thoughts and superstitions.

In the first relief, of the king and queen banqueting in a garden, we can learn much about the king and his people. We see the king reclining upon a couch while the queen sits upon a chair. The chairs and table were of bronze, inlaid with ivory and lapis lazuli, a beautiful green stone. We can see the pattern on the queen's robe and the fringe of the coverlet covering the king's knee. In all



Assyrian carvings the legs of the furniture have always the same finish, the claw of a lion or antelope resting upon a fir-cone. Only kings, queens or

gods sat on chairs; common people sat on stools.

We can see that slaves of the king are all smooth-shaven. Only kings and princes wore beards, and were so proud of them that they always curled them elaborately. Slaves behind the king are fanning him diligently to keep him cool.

We know, too, from this scene that Ashurbanipal was a cruel king. If you will look closely at the next to the last tree on the left side you will see the head of one of his enemies tied to a branch. It must be a victory over one of his foes that Ashurbanipal is celebrating, and the head reminds him pleasantly of his conquest. A slave at the end of the line is making music on a harp.



The most famous of the carvings that covered the walls of the palace at Nineveh are those of the lion hunt. From them we know that Ashurbanipal was very fond of hunting lions and that he went

about it more as if he were going to fight a powerful human enemy than a poor lion.

Everyone is up at sunrise ready to start, for they have a long way to go before they reach the place where the lions are. The slaves must first get the chariot ready for the king's use, sharpen the arrows and put them in the quiver tied to the side of the car. They must also stand a second bow inside, in case the first one breaks. Look at the chariot and you can see all these things.

When all is ready, the king enters his chariot and leads the procession. Then come princes and nobles in their chariots, then many lancers on horseback and many slaves on foot leading dogs, and others leading mules laden with food and tents. Then come men with the horses that the king and nobles will use in the hunt.

When they find a lion the king will aim at it from the chariot; but that is dangerous sport, for the chariot is open at the back and the lion can easily spring upon the king. But Ashurbanipal is brave and surely would like to meet a lion almost single-handed. In one of our reliefs we see him about to shoot an arrow from his chariot.

The next day, after camping in the lion country, the king and nobles mount their horses, as we see them in the next carving, and the hunt begins. Slaves rush about, find and arouse a lion, and then the huntsmen go after it. Sometimes, if their arrows miss or fail to kill they must follow the

wounded animal a great distance. One after the other king and nobles shoot their arrows into him until he can run no further and falls dead.



When the chase is over the king gives thanks for his success to the great god Asshur, as we can see in the fourth relief. Slaves place the lion in the center of the group; the king takes a cup of wine from the priest, touches it with his lips and pours the wine over the lion while musicians, standing by, play on their harps a hymn of praise.

Ashurbanipal is very proud. He will now drive home in his chariot and his people will rush to the gates of Nineveh to meet him and will cry out that he is a great king. And when Ashurbanipal gets into his palace, he will call his chief builder to him and say; "I, Ashurbanipal, wish you to carve upon marble the events of this great day." And it was done, and that is how it happens that we know so much about one of King Ashurbanipal's lion hunts.

The sculptors of Greece were able to carve much more beautiful statues than the Assyrians for they

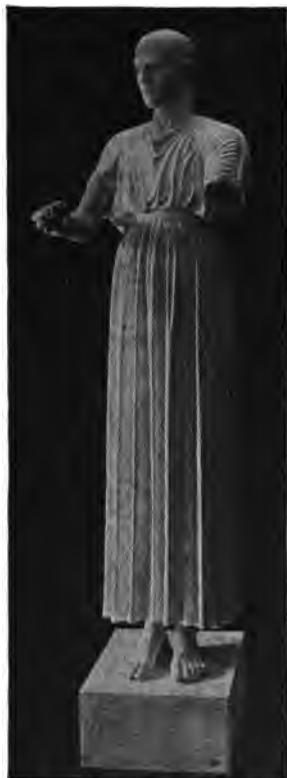
were more educated and full of the love of beautiful things. The Venus of Melos, as we know, is one of their most beautiful statues.

Ashurbanipal's sculptors, however, were able to carve better than the ones who lived under the kings before him. See the vines and palm trees under which the king and queen are banqueting. Each leaf and bunch of grapes is very carefully carved. And in the hunting scenes how much movement there is! How fast the horses are galloping! The king in the chariot is in action, too, for he is about to shoot his arrow. Sculptors before this time could only carve people who were seated or standing still.

About twenty years after Ashurbanipal had died, Nineveh was captured by his great enemies, the Medes and Babylonians. The palace with its large library and its carvings was destroyed. As no one cared to rebuild, it lay in ruins many hundreds of years until sand blew over it and trees and bushes grew over it and it was entirely buried. In 1852 English explorers dug away the earth to see what the old palace was like. We can still see some of the walls and the plan of the rooms; but those four carvings and others were taken to England and put in the British Museum in London. Many copies of them have been made in marble and plaster, and from some of the latter we here in Newark can see and read the story of King Ashurbanipal and his Lion Hunt.

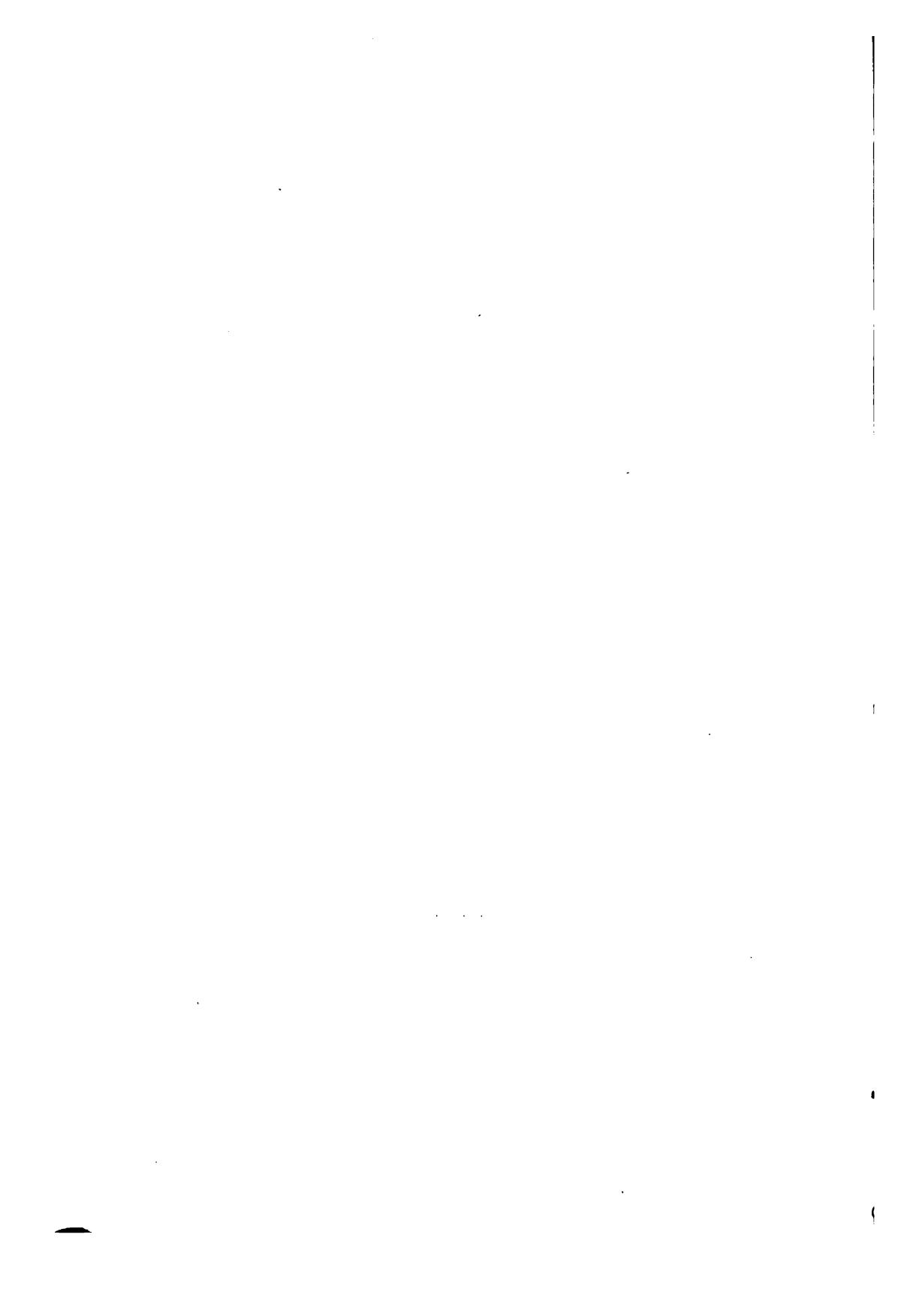
Stories of the Statues

3. The Greek Charioteer



The Charioteer of Delphi. Bronze probably by Calamis, fifth century
B. C. Found in 1896 and now in the Museum at Delphi

Newark, N. J.
The Newark Museum Association
1915



The Greek Charioteer

In the central part of Greece in the province of Phocis was once a large and beautiful city, called Delphi. Its years of growth and importance extended from about 1000 B. C., to about 400 A. D. As time went on it was destroyed by many wars and its treasures and statues were carried off, one after another, by its conquerors. Then its people left it; earth, trees and bushes came to cover it, and finally the new village of Kastri was built where it had stood.

Twenty years ago, students of ancient Greece came from France and began to dig out what was left of the old city. Their workmen uncovered the walls of large palaces and of magnificent temples and monuments, tombs and many statues.

One of the most beautiful of these statues thus found is the "Charioteer of Delphi." The chariot and horses were broken to tiny bits and could not be put together. The left arm of the charioteer, too, was missing. But even broken, it is still one of the most beautiful of the few beautiful statues, made by the ancient Greeks, that have come down to us. It is kept with great care in the Museum at Delphi. In the Newark Museum there is a copy of it in plaster that we can see and enjoy.

The story of the way this statue came to Delphi is very interesting:

Delphi was one of the favorite cities of the Greeks. In it there was a rich temple, sacred to Apollo, one of the gods they loved the most. Apollo, they thought, was able to tell them what was going to happen. He could tell kings, for example, whether or no they would win battles; and to any inquirer whether he would be rich and happy, or poor and miserable. The

people therefore paid Apollo great respect. They built him a magnificent temple and brought to him treasures and beautiful things to win his favor.



Map showing the location of Delphi on the slopes of Mt. Parnassus

Delphi thus became one of the richest and most beautiful cities in Greece.

The Greek people built the temple to Apollo quite high on the slopes of Mount Parnassus and facing the sea so that it could be seen for miles around. The front of it was of shining Parian marble. A winding

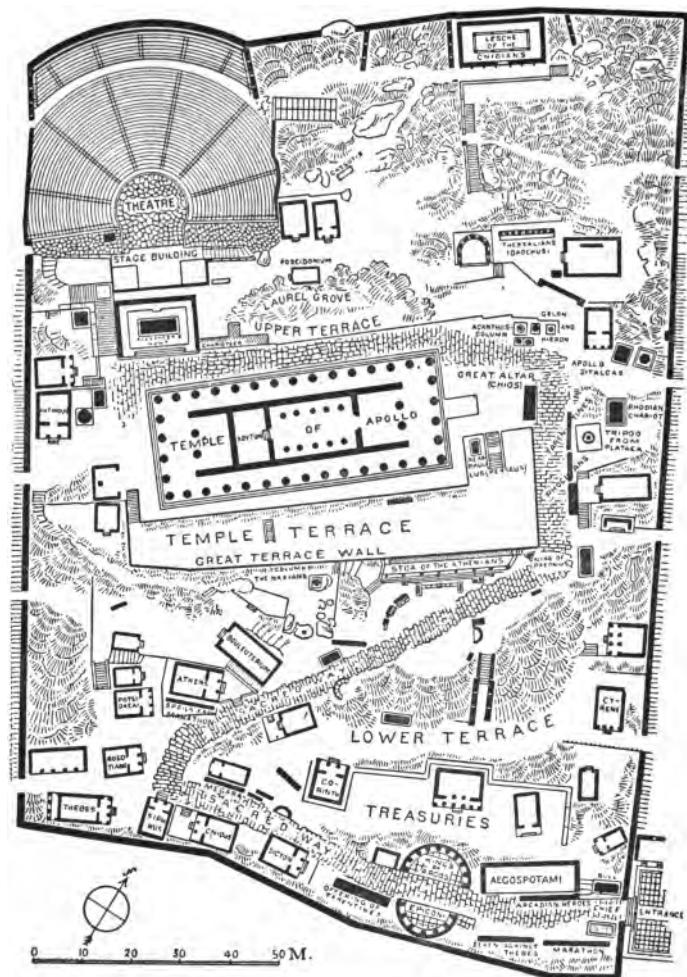
road, called the Sacred way, led up to it, and this was lined on both sides with treasure houses containing money and jewels, costly weapons and armor, splendid garments and vases of all kinds, captured by rich kings in war and brought as gifts to Apollo.

About 470 years before Christ lived, there was a king in Syracuse, a Greek colony on the island of Sicily near Italy, whose name was Hieron. When he was young he cared only for wars and ruled his people like a tyrant. But as he grew older he came to care less for war and power and more for the arts and pleasures of peace. He became the friend of writers and sculptors, and if he found a man of talent whom he thought worthy, he would give him money to live on, or bring him to the court at Syracuse so that he could spend his time in painting or writing or carving statues. One of the men he thus found was a sculptor named Calamis.

Calamis lived a long time at Hieron's court. He carved especially well figures of horses, and an old writer tells us he once made in bronze a charioteer standing in a chariot and guiding his horses.

Hieron had a younger brother, Polyzalos, of whom he was very proud. At his brother's command, Polyzalos was trained to run and jump by the great trainers in Greece; and, being a youth of noble birth, he was also taught to race in the chariot, for that was considered one of the most manly sports the son of a king could take part in.

These and other facts have led students of history and art to think that Calamis made the statue of the Charioteer, that it is perhaps a portrait of Polyzalos, and that King Hieron sent it to the temple of Delphi as a gift to Apollo because Polyzalos had won a very



Map of the precinct of Apollo at Delphi. The Games were held in the Stadium northwest of the city. The Charioteer was found beside the Sacred Way on the upper terrace

important race. If you will look at the map of the city you will see that the statue was found close to the temple and beside the Sacred way.

Delphi was such an important city that festivals, called the Pythian games, to which thousands came from all parts of Greece, were held there every four years. The games were held in honor of the god Apollo and lasted four days. They were so important that if a war was being waged when the date for the games came round, a truce was declared, and any who took part in the games were permitted to travel to and from Delphi in safety.

On the morning of the first day a procession was held of all the guests of honor, the foreign kings, envoys from the Greek states in their splendid chariots, priests, officials and the men and boys who were to take part in the games. All along the Sacred way up to the temple, the doors of the treasuries were opened and the rich treasures inside glittered in the sunlight. In the temple sacrifices were made to the god Apollo, to Artemis, his sister and to Leto, his mother. Here those who were to take part in the games, swore on a sacred urn that they were free-born and that they had never committed a crime. Here also they drew lots for their places in the races. Then the procession went to the stadium, northwest of the city, where the people were gathered, waiting for the games to begin.

On the first day musical concerts were held. Songs were sung accompanied by flute and cithara. A concerto was also played describing in music the fight of Apollo with the dragon, Pytho, the incident from which the festival took its name.

On the second day were the gymnastic events, running, jumping, wrestling and boxing and trials of strength.

On the third day, races on horseback and in chariots were run. Let us go with Polyzalos on the day he is to drive in the race.

It is early in the morning of a hot August day. Already the roads leading to the stadium are full of hurrying men and boys for women were not allowed to attend the games. Peddlers with their goods, jugglers and poets with their poems run along beside the crowd crying their wares in the hope of making a penny now and then.

Here and there are groups of people in chariots, envoys from the various states, bearing offerings to the temple; behind them is perhaps a sick man on a litter, coming with a gift to the god Apollo with the hope of being cured.

On horseback are the kings of the Greek states, their horses gleaming in their rich trappings. One of these is surely Hieron, the brother of Polyzalos, eager and anxious.

Polyzalos hurries along through the crowd, for if he is late the servants of the judges of the race, called the Amphictyons, will not allow him to take part. Already most of the seats are filled and still the crowds pour in through all the entrances.

At one end, in a box high up and in view of all, the judges in their purple robes have already taken their places. Below them the races start and finish.

Polyzalos hastily changes his short chiton or tunic for the long garment worn by charioteers. His servants have already harnessed the horses to the chariot just as you see them in the illustration from a vase-painting. The owner of the chariot is holding the reins, the charioteer is standing behind the horses and two slaves are about to harness the third horse.



Greek chariot. From an old Greek vase painting

When all is in readiness Polyzalos drives out into the arena, where the other charioteers are already moving slowly around the course. Their chariots take their places at the starting point, and await the sound of the trumpets. As these sound, a bronze dolphin falls from its high place near the chariots, and an eagle, till then resting on an altar, rises into the air with extended wings. At this sign the barriers drop and the horses dash over the line. Twelve times they must pass around the course before the goal is reached.

We hope that Polyzalos won this race. If he did, he was crowned with a wreath of laurel, the tree sacred to Apollo, and a herald announced his name and the names of his father and of his native city. Then he was applauded by the thousands of people from all Greece and, when he returned home, was again honored for being a victor in the great Pythian games and bringing fame and glory to his native city.

After all the events were finished, banquets were held throughout the city and feasting continued far into the night. A special banquet was held for the victors at the town hall, at which songs were sung about the great feats at games of former years. For 1000 years these famous festivals were regularly held and shared in by all the Greek peoples.

A Greek poet named Pindar spent four years at Hieron's court. He wrote four books of odes about the great festivals of Greece and four of the odes tell of the victories of Hieron and his horse, Pherenikos. These odes have come down to us and you can read them in charming English translations.

List of Books

Home Life of the Ancient Greeks. Hugo Blümner,
1910.

Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals. E. N. Gardiner,
1910.

Three Greek Children. A. J. Church, London, 1890.

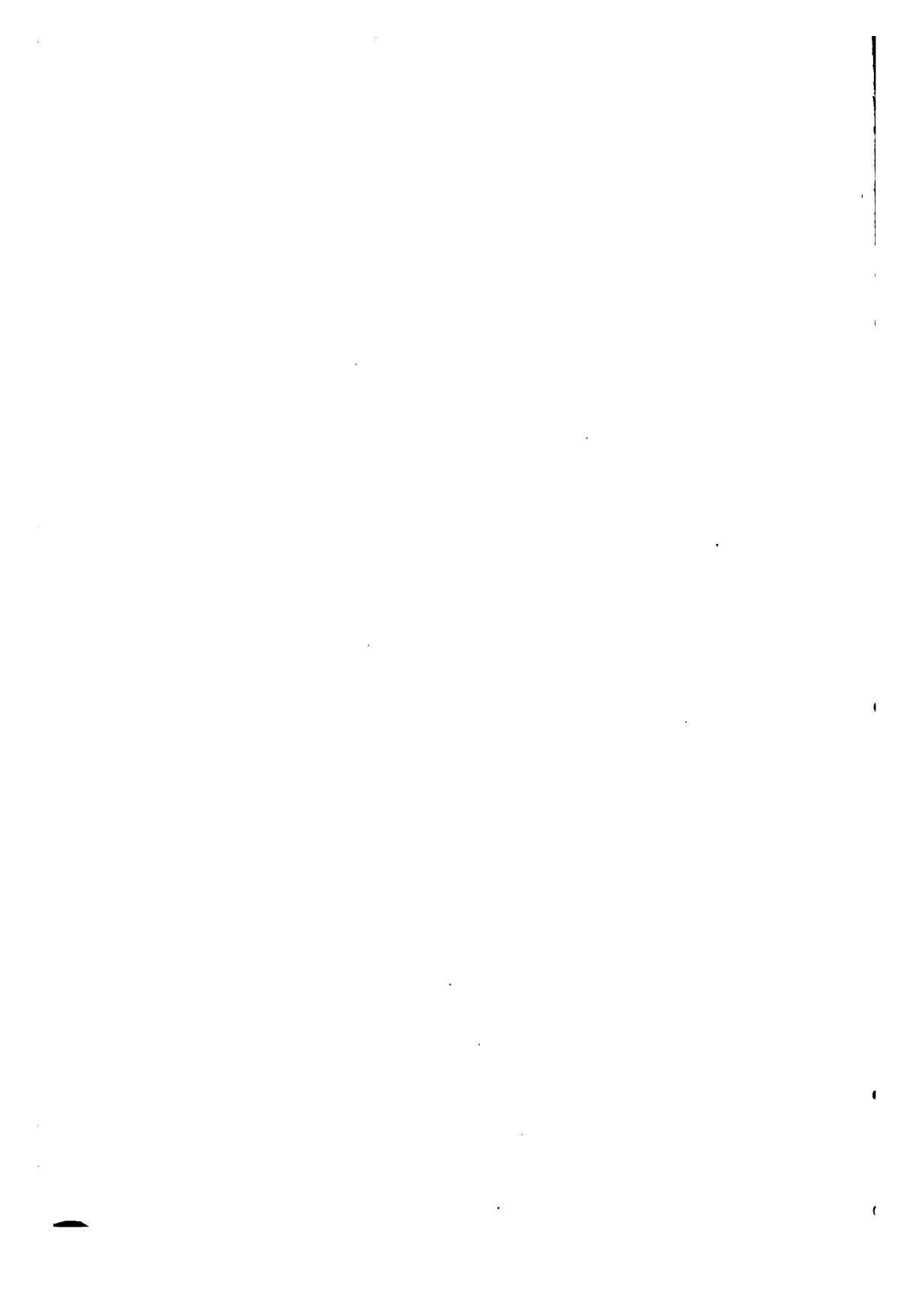
Old Greek Education. J. P. Mahaffy, New York.

Stories of Ancient Greeks. Charles D. Shaw, Boston,
1903.

Greece. James A. Harrison, New York, 1885.

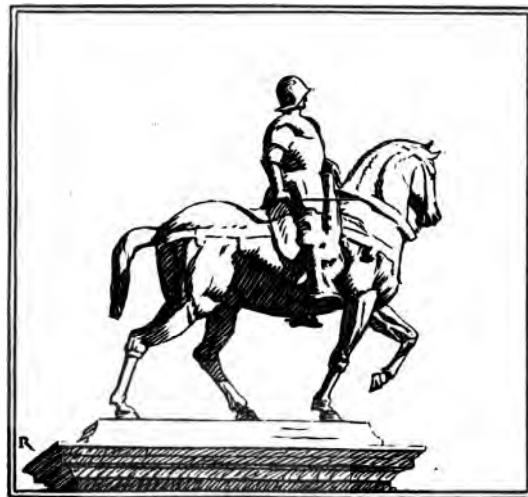
Greek History. Alice Zimmern, New York, 1908.

The Story of the Greek People. E. M. Tappan, Bos-
ton, 1908.



Stories of the Statues

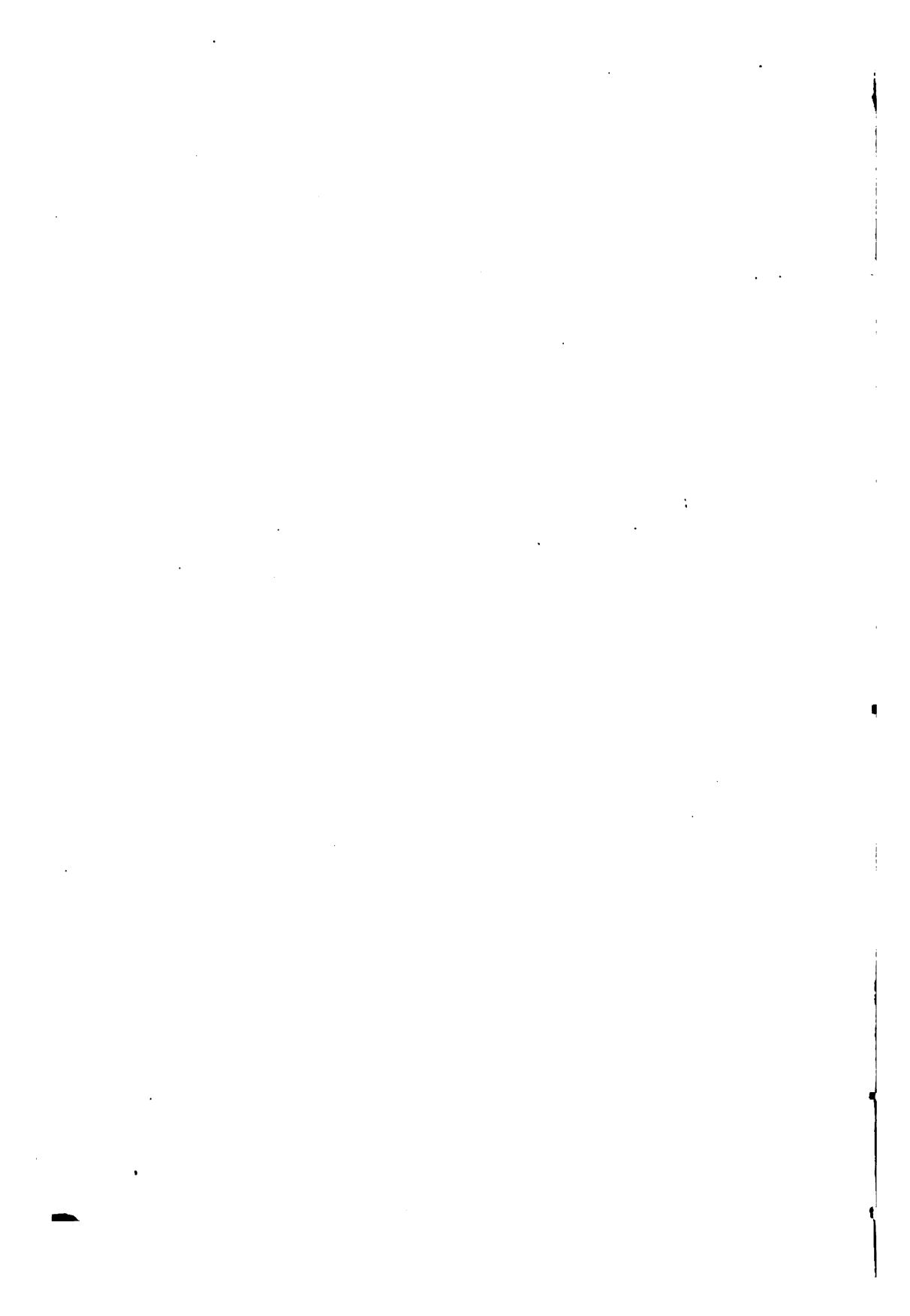
4. Bartolommeo Colleoni: A Statue by Verocchio



The Colleoni Statue. The original bronze stands in the Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo in Venice. A perfect copy in bronze, executed under the direction of the sculptor J. Massey Rhind, was presented by a citizen to the city of Newark, in 1916.

This picture is a reproduction of part of an engraving
by Rudolph Ruzicka.

Newark, N. J.
The Newark Museum Association
1917



NOTE OF EXPLANATION

The Newark Museum Association is trying to discover what kinds of museum objects and what kinds of museum activities Newark likes, and needs, and will find useful, and will use.

It believes that one of the things it can do to give pleasure to Newarkers, and to make their lives more interesting, is to treat some of the best things in the city, like parks, trees, fountains, sculptures, buildings, and industries, as if they were parts of its own collections. Acting on this belief it publishes this pamphlet on Newark's most beautiful sculpture, the Colleoni, and makes the pamphlet one in the series it is issuing on the sculptures—plaster casts, and bronzes—in its own collection. In this series, called "Stories of the Statues," have already appeared: 1. *The Venus of Melos*; 2. *The Lion Hunt*; and 3. *The Charioteer of Delphi*.

Because the Museum Association believes it is better for the city to interest the children in good sculpture than it is to try to interest adults in it; and because it finds it much easier thus to interest the former than the latter, all these stories have been written with the intent to make them attractive to young people. It does not surprise us to learn that many adults have found all of them quite interesting.

The Lion Hunt, a cast of an Assyrian relief, is now at the Belmont Avenue School. A copy in plaster of the Colleoni, small but full of the same fiery energy which possesses the original, is soon to go to the same school, and this is to be followed by The Charioteer and others. In several schools, in the next few months, will be found other beautiful and interesting pieces of sculpture, all coming from the collection which formerly filled a hall on the fourth floor of the library building. To make room for other things, the museum being much crowded in its present quarters, this modest sculpture hall had to be dismantled. It seemed that no better use could be found for the casts which composed it than to place them where the young people of the city could see them every day.

April, 1917.

J. C. Dana, Director.



**Bronze copy of the Colleoni presented to the city by a citizen of Newark
and placed in a park at the head of Clinton Avenue.**

The Colleoni: One of the Two Greatest Equestrian Statues in the World.

An equestrian statue is a statue of a man or a woman on horseback. There are many equestrian statues, partly because statues are apt to be made of generals and other cavalry officers, whom it seems natural to put on horses, and



The horse and rider seen from the left side; from a photograph of the original statue in Venice.

partly because a finely formed man sitting well on a handsome horse is a beautiful sight. It



The horse's head; from a photograph of the statue in Venice.

stands in our minds for great physical power skillfully controlled by great intelligence.

This Colleoni statue is considered one of the two most excellent equestrian statues in the world.

Look for the reasons for so praising it.

Is the horse standing still or moving? How do we know? What can we tell from the position of the eyes? Of the head? The ears? Of the tail? Is the horse breathing freely? How do we



The horse and rider seen from behind; from a photograph of the statue in Venice.

know? Is his skin thin or thick? How do we know that?

Every strong muscle ready to move, each hoof striking the ground ready at once to spurn it, the uplifted foot drawn up only the better to

fling forward, this horse, full of springing muscles, ears up, head high, neck arched, tail lifted, is the embodiment of strength, and agility, the best that nature can do in creating high-spirited, eager, graceful force.

What does the rider wear on his body? His head? On what kind of saddle does he sit? If he were to receive a hard thrust, how would the saddle help him? Does he seem to be conscious of his heavy helmet? Is he thinking of the horse he rides? Can he control it? How do we know that?

The helmeted and armor-covered soldier, fixed in his box-like saddle, is so accustomed to the movement of his steed and so used to controlling it that he is as unconscious of its powerful body beneath him as he is of his own. He moves either as he chooses.

But his mind is full of something else. Look at him from the right. From his figure and position you will see that he is full of power and purpose. He, too, means to go forward. Pass behind him, and looking up you will understand, "This is a man who does not retreat." From the left study his face. It says to us, "This man's forefathers thought; that gave him his brow. They willed to do; that gave him his steady gaze. They never yielded; that gave him his firm jaw and mouth. He himself has dared and done and borne until his cheek is sunken with the coming of age, although his body is firm and strong." Those who face this soldier see clearly that struggle and power have made him stern and commanding.

Look at the two together—horse and rider, warrior and steed—and see how they move on to victory.

In the midst of hurried lives, full of business or play, the people of Newark glance upward at this rider and horse from another country and an olden time and wonder, "Was there ever a man like that? What is he doing here?"



The head of the rider; from a photograph of the original statue.

The Italians of Newark and those who have visited Italy know that he came from Venice. He was an Italian soldier who died seventeen years before Columbus discovered America.

In those days each city of Italy with the land around it and the people in it was a sovereign state. It could make war without consulting anybody. In this country to-day not even a big state like New York can make war or peace; that belongs to the Congress of the whole United States. But these Italian cities went to war with each other at will. And that led to many armies. If New York or Trenton were likely to attack Newark at any time, there would have to be a Newark army and a general of the Newark forces. Colleoni was a general of forces in Venice. Shakespeare's Othello, you remember, had the same position when Desdemona fell in love with him.

In those days a general could not sit down several miles behind the trenches and order by telephone the firing of his guns. He led his forces. He was a fierce fighter. And in those days a soldier was not a clerk or a salesman enlisted for a few years. He was a soldier all the time. One who thus spent his life in fighting and rose to leadership must be the greatest fighter of them all. This was Colleoni.

The strangest thing about Colleoni as a fighter is that he was a mercenary fighter, a man who fought for pay, a "soldier of fortune." That is to say, he fought for the city that hired him, not for the city of his birth, or in which he had chosen to live. He might even fight for one city at one time, and then accept a position as general of the forces of the very city which he had formerly attacked. Like a lawyer to-day, he took up the cause of the side that hired him.



The original statue as it looks in Venice. One condition was attached to the bequest Colleoni left to Venice—that this statue of himself for which his money was to pay, be erected on the Piazza San Marco, the finest Square in Venice. This would be an honor never paid to any man, and so the statue was placed in front of the school of St. Mark, called the Scuola di San Marco.

But for the last thirty years of his life he fought for Venice. There he had large estates, and was very rich.



The equestrian statue of Gattamelata: this statue by Donatello, and the Colleoni by Verrocchio are said to be the two greatest equestrian statues in the world. A small copy in bronze is owned by the Newark Museum.

Although Colleoni was haughty and fought fiercely, he was not a cruel conqueror, destroying the country through which he passed. And during the last thirty years of his life, while he served Venice alone, as general of her forces, he spent much time in cultivating the land on

the estates which Venice had given him as a reward for his services.

He died, leaving money to Venice for use in a war which she was then fighting, and he asked that some of this money should be spent on a statue of himself.

Two different sculptors were employed to make the statue, and their admirers dispute as to which really was responsible for its greatness.

Verocchio (Va-rok'ke-o) was the best pupil of Donatello and of Luca della Robbia, whom we know for his charming bambinos, or babes in swaddling clothes. He got the order for the statue first. His name means, *the true eye*. We say, in English, *verily*, for truly, *veracity* for truth; and we go to the *oculist* to have our eyes examined. Verocchio was a goldsmith, then a painter, then a sculptor. He is noted for a wonderful little statue of David.

Leopardi (La-ö-pär-de) was an architect and sculptor. He was an exile when Verocchio died, having been banished for forgery; but everyone was afraid lest the statue should be ruined if it were touched by any but a master hand, so Leopardi was pardoned, returned to Venice, and completed Verocchio's work.

The friends of Verocchio say that he completed the modeling of both horse and rider, and that Leopardi merely cast the statue and made its base. For statues are usually made out of clay, by the sculptor, and then copied, sometimes in larger size, either in stone or in metal which is poured, when hot, into a mould, and hardened by cooling.



This is the bronze statue that Verrocchio made of the shepherd lad David who slew the giant Goliath with a sling and stone. (I Samuel; xvii). Verrocchio's David is young and slender, strong and full of faith. He has conquered beasts and giants in defense of the right. Compare him with Colleoni.

The friends of Leopardi say that Verrocchio modeled only the horse, and made some sketches of the rider he meant to put on it, and that Leopardi improved the horse, made sketches after Verrocchio's plan for the rider, and modeled both it and the pedestal completely. They say the modeling is bolder than Verrocchio's, who had a delicate style due to his goldsmith's training.

The fact that Leopardi signed his name on the saddle girth is regarded by his friends as proof that he really was responsible for the whole thing; but Verrocchio's friends say that only shows that Leopardi was never cured of his tendency to forgery.

It is a common practice for cities to put statues in their parks and other open spaces. These statues are usually of great men belonging to the country, the state or the city, or famous for some great service to humanity. There are statues of Washington and Lincoln in many American cities. Newark has a statue of Seth Boyden, of whose memory she is proud. The Italians of New York gave the city a statue of Columbus. Those who believe in homeopathic medicine have put in a park in Washington, D.C., a monument to Hahnemann who was the founder of that method.

Generally these statues are made by the best sculptors whom people know how to get for the money they can pay. The statue of Lincoln in Newark was modeled by Gutzon Borglum; the statue of Washington by J. Massey Rhind. Both of these sculptors are living in America.

In a few cases, however, cities have put up copies of statues in other places. In Halifax, Nova Scotia, there is a statue of the English Prince Albert, a copy of one in Liverpool, England. Washington, D. C., and Nashville, Tennessee, have statues of Andrew Jackson by the same artist. But the practice is not usual.

Neither is it usual to put up a statue just because of its beauty. When Liberty Enlightening the World was set up in New York harbor she was made as beautiful as possible. But it was Liberty, not Beauty that was wanted.

In the case of the Colleoni, Newark did not say, "We need a statue for this park. What shall it be?"

Indeed, after the statue was ready there was much discussion as to the place for it.

Nor did they say, "We want to honor this man. How shall we do it?" Only Italians or students of history knew about Colleoni.

What they did say was, "We have a statue of Washington, made by a modern sculptor in our city. Let us set up here a copy of the finest equestrian statue in the world. If no one ever makes a better, we will have the best. If someone some day makes a better, we shall have helped to make the people appreciate it, for in looking at our Colleoni people will have been trained in good taste."

But after all Colleoni is a good subject for a Newark statue. One of the speakers at the unveiling declared that it "united the vigorous, the rich and the growing republic of the west with the glorious memory of a republic that

lasted thirteen hundred years, from the Roman Empire to the French Revolution." Moreover, there will always be in Newark many descendants not only of the Puritans who first settled here, but of many nations whose people followed, and many of these will be of Italian blood, the blood that flowed in the veins of Colleoni, of Verocchio and of Leopardi.

This thought that Newark should have a Colleoni was first suggested to a citizen of Newark at a dinner given to J. Massey Rhind after the completion of his Washington Statue. He liked the idea. He had lent money to a friend who wanted to work in the mines in Africa, and he said, "If my friend's venture turns out well, I will put up a Colleoni with the money." One day, in walked the friend to report that he had made money, from a mine, and to pay a part of what he had made to this citizen of Newark. And so the statue was ordered.

Now war was then raging in Europe. To get a copy of a statue in Venice at this time was not easy. And the only mould of the statue, in the Royal Museum at Berlin, was just as difficult to obtain. But fortunately there was a plaster cast, made from this Berlin mould, in the Art Institute at Chicago.

The sculptor, Rhind, used this cast of the statue, and copied the pediment. The Clinton Ave. site was chosen for it, and it was set in place.

The International Studio, in an article about this Newark statue says, "The Bartolommeo Colleoni statue will make Newark a Mecca for

American art lovers—if a shell should chance to destroy the glorious statue at Venice, erected only a year after the adventurous Genoese sailor discovered the western world, the American counterpart would take on a tremendous value, not expressed in terms of money."

The original Colleoni was shown March 21, 1496; the Newark Colleoni July 26, 1916. The original forms one of the chief attractions for tourists from all over the world to Venice. The Newark copy makes Newark at once one of the treasure cities of this continent.

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- Old Masters and New. Cox.
- Mornings with Masters of Art. Powers.
- Story of Art throughout the Ages. Reinach.
- St. Mark's Rest: an history of Venice. Ruskin.
- Stones of Venice. Ruskin.
- Famous Sculpture. Singleton.
- Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. Symonds.
- Italian Sculptors. Waters.
- Art of the Italian Renaissance. Wäfflin.
- Salve Venetia; gleanings from Venetian history. Crawford.
- Story of Venice. Okey.
- Queen of the Adriatic, or Venice, mediaeval and modern. Waters.
- Gautier. Voyage en Italie.
- Hare. Venice.
- Childe Harold's pilgrimage. Byron.
- Italy. Rogers.

NOVELS LAID IN VENICE IN THE DAYS OF VEROCHIO

Marietta, a maid of Venice. Crawford.
Master mosaic workers. Land.
Royal Faun of Venice. Turnbull

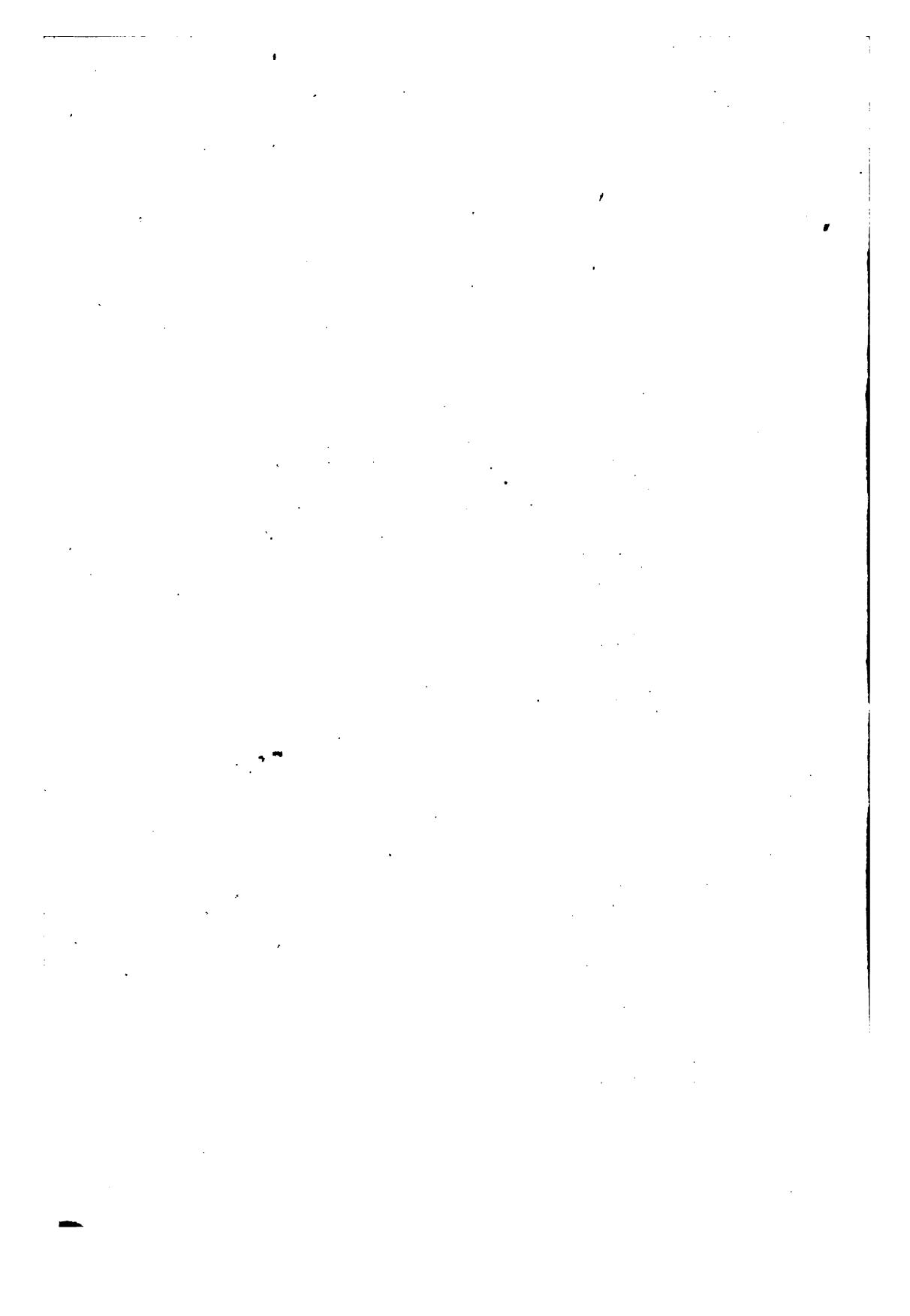
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Two books about sculptors and artists and their work:
Famous Sculpture. Barstow.
Sketches of Great Painters. Dallin.

Two stories of Venice at about the time when she made Colleoni
her general:
The Lion of St. Mark. Henty.
Caterina of Venice. In historic Girls, by Brooks.
A story of the time of General Colleoni in which the hero is an artist
and goes to Venice:
The Cloister and the Hearth. Reade.

POEMS ABOUT VENICE

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic. Wordsworth.
To the Lion of St. Mark. Miller.
Venice. From Jacopo Sannazzaro, tr. by Addison.
Venice. Thomson
Ode to Venice. Byron.
Venice. Shelley
At Venice. Clough.
Venice. Reade.
Venice. From Giovanni della Casa, tr. by Hemans.
Venice. From Graf von Platen, tr. by Davidson.
In my Gondola. Thornbury.
Meditative Fragments on Venice. Houghton.
Lido. Houghton.
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Venice. Reade.
To Venice. Landor.
Venice. Arnold.
Venice. Longfellow.



Stories of the Statues

5. Egyptian Sculpture: Notes on the casts of a few pieces in the Newark Museum.



King Psammetichus

Newark, N. J.
The Newark Museum Association
1917



An Egyptian King

Egyptian Sculpture

This is Pharaoh, an Egyptian King. Such statues were placed before the great tombs of the kings in Egypt. Copies like this are made of plaster, but the original statues were probably carved out of hard stone, although some Egyptian statues were of bronze or of baked clay.

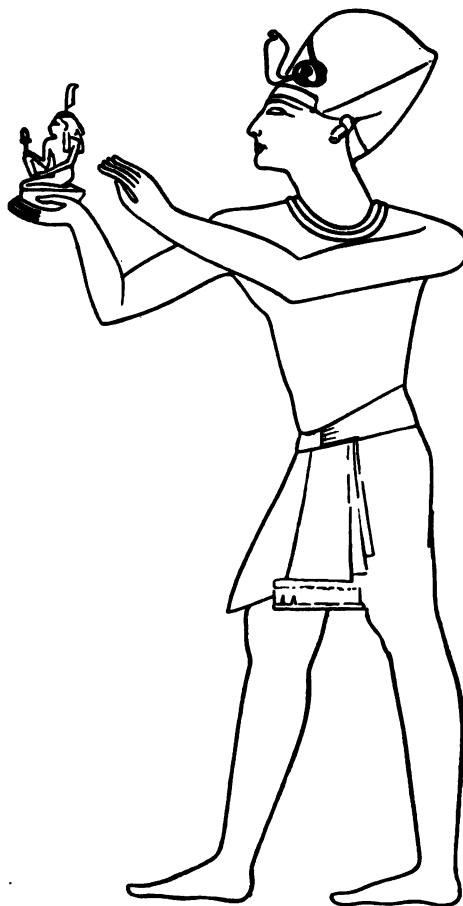
If this were a modern statue of an American, we should know the name of the sculptor. But in olden days, in Egypt, there were great numbers of statues made, some of them of enormous size, whose makers' names we know nothing about.

The important thing about each was the name of the statue. The spirit, or Ka, that used to inhabit his body would come back some day and look for its old home. It would not find the home it lived in; that would perhaps be cheaply built, and long since demolished. But it would find the tomb, built during its life-time on earth, solid and enduring, perhaps carved out of the solid rock. And in the tomb it would look for its mummy, or embalmed body. Into this it would creep, and live again—forever.

But if, by some mischance, the mummy were gone—and many an Egyptian Ka will miss its mummified body when it returns because people have bought them to put in museums—then the Ka would look around for an image or statue of its former self, and that would do about as well as the mummy. The Ka need not wander. It would have a body to live in.

This is one reason why there are so many, many statues in the tombs of Egypt.

If an American sculptor is going to make a statue he decides on the size. Shall it be half size, full size, or colossal—very large? A colossal statue with us may be two or three times life size, or it may be so large that, as in New York's Statue of Liberty, one arm is taller than a man. But the Egyptian statues were often enormous. Think of the Sphinx, over sixty feet high from breast to the top of the



Outline drawing of sculpture in relief, illustrating the very formal method of treating the human figure which the Egyptians followed.

head. Rows and rows of these immense statues, carved from the hardest rock, by slave labor, can be found in Egypt to-day. One might

almost say that the Egyptians turned out statues as our newspapers turn out comic pictures. But its editions, though fewer, were more lasting. Some of them have lasted five thousand years.

The American artist next decides what attitude his statue shall take. As you see, the Egyptian sculptor had no trouble about that. That had been decided by the priests, long ago. He must stand, or sit, or squat. He could have one foot before the other, or keep them side by side, but they must both be flat on the ground, and he must bear weight on both. He could not be bent at all, either sidewise or forward or backward. He must hold his chin up, keep his mouth shut, and look to the front. His arms might hang or one might rest on his knee and one up against his breast, as you see in the seated King, or they might be folded. But in any case they were stuck fast to him.

The American sculptor decides whether his figure shall have a large or a small head, how his hair shall hang, how he shall be dressed. These things also were ordered for the sculptor in old Egypt. Large ears, set high, hair alike on two sides, head just so many times the length of the nose, arms so many times the head, body and legs just so long—there were rules for it all, for the statues of both men and women.

The hard materials out of which the statues were generally carved made it necessary they



Antinous, a Roman Statue made in imitation of the Egyptian style
because Antinous died in Egypt.

should be simple, and this simplicity was soon
prescribed by these religious rules.

And yet—look at them. Stiff, lean, high-shouldered, narrow hipped, with hardly any modeling, except at the knees, wonderfully similar, yet somehow these Egyptians made so many, worked so well, believed so thoroughly that they were likely to be dwelt in by their old souls, that they made them good portraits. The Kas of these two kings will never make any mistake and exchange bodies.

The Bible tells us that when a man looks in the mirror and goes away, he straightway forgets what manner of man he is; but every Ka who looks among the Egyptian statues for his own will know, when he meets the wrong one, like the old woman in the tale, “This is none of I.”

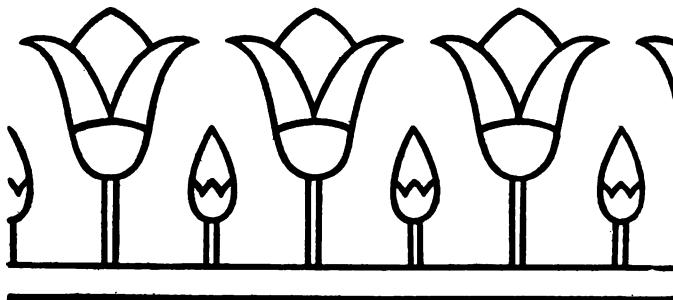
The skill that this indicates is wonderful.

Other nations have made queer stiff statues; other nations have been bound by religious rules to make them just so; other nations have gained skill in the use of tools. But no other nation has made statues that we would mistake for those of Egypt, except in imitation.

Here is a statuette, a little statue, in imitation of Egyptian style.

It is, however, a Roman statue. In what does it resemble the Egyptian statues? How does it differ from them?

The reason the sculptor made it in this style is that the young man, Antinous, whom it



represents, died in Egypt. In fact, he was drowned in the Nile.

The story is that when the Roman emperor was traveling through Egypt, there was a prophecy that he could only avoid a threatened danger by the sacrifice of one whom he loved. Now Antinous knew that the Emperor loved him and so, to save his emperor, he drowned himself in the Egyptian river.

Compare this with the real Egyptian statues: the position; the legs; the arms; the feet; the hands; the body; the back; the face.

We seldom see any sculpture nowadays that imitates the style of Egypt, but we do often see things decorated with Egyptian designs, such as are shown on this page. For the Egyptians were masters of design making.



Stories of the Statues

6. The Rooster.



A Rooster by Louis Vidal, a French Sculptor
Newark, N. J.
The Newark Museum Association
1917

The Rooster

Every kind of animal has a character of its own. The rabbit is called timid, the donkey stubborn, the lion noble, the fox clever. Part of the aim of the animal painter or sculptor is to set forth in his art the character of each animal that he paints or models.

Some people love all animals, and some have a peculiar insight into the characters of one special kind of animal life. Rosa Bonheur, the French painter, loved best to paint horses. Madame Ronner painted the luxurious habits of the aristocratic Persian cat.

Louis Vidal, a Frenchman, liked roosters—healthy, upstanding, strutting, big-combed, plume-tailed, strong-legged, crowing roosters. And when we look at the swaggering fellow he modeled we know that his maker liked him. The arch of his neck, and the curve of his breast, the firmness of his tread and the spring of his tail, all tell it.

Vidal was a pupil of Barye, whose lion we all know in bronze. He was skillful, for he has managed, without trying to carve the details of feathers at all, to make us sure that the breast of this rooster is soft.

It is a good thing for those of us who cannot go a-hunting wild game, even with the camera, who have no zoo, and who do not often have the

circus in town, that we can see so plainly through Vidal's eyes that a rooster may be beautiful.

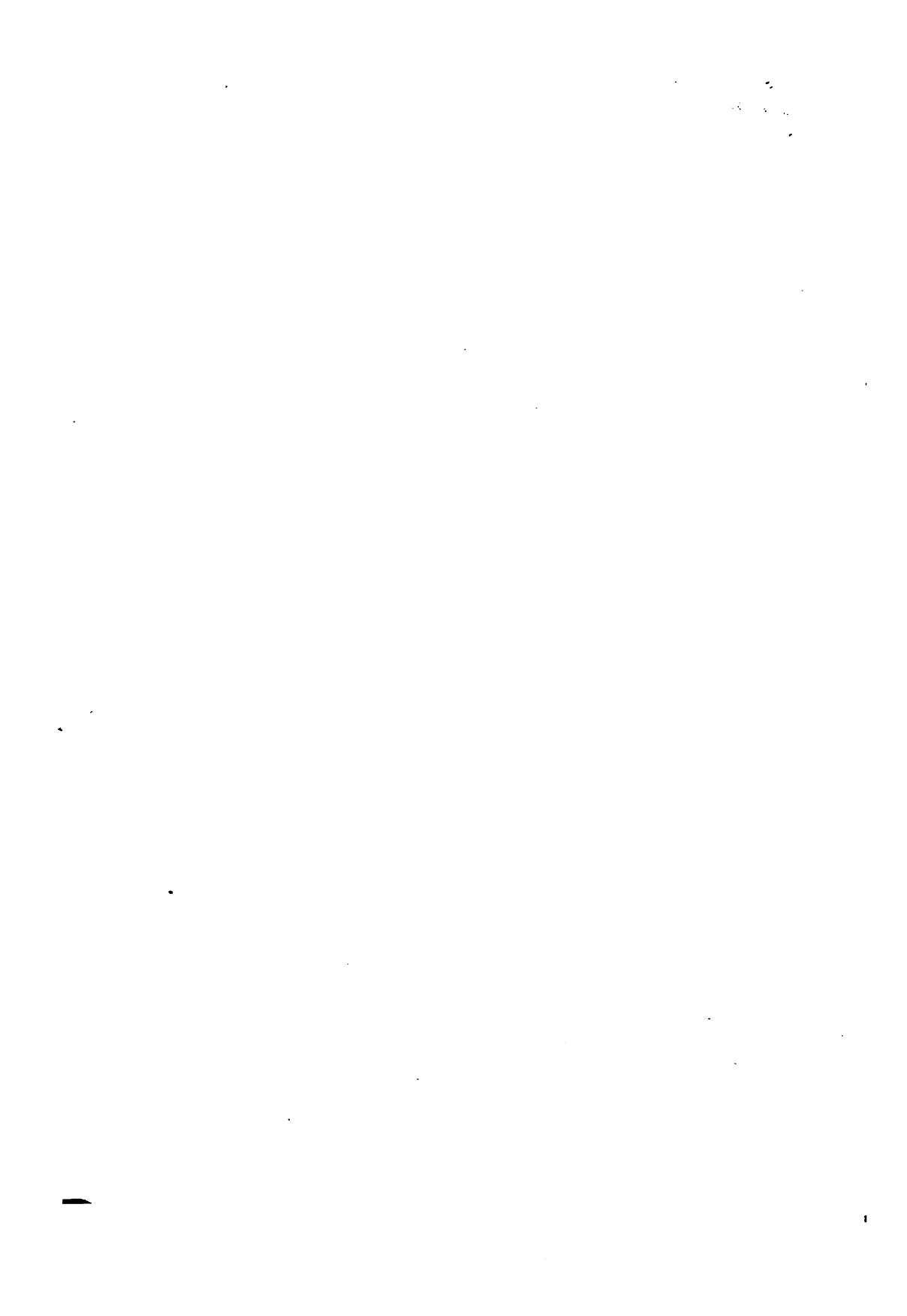
So may a horse, as we see at least once a year when the horses of Newark parade. So may the dog that we see daily on the street. So may a cat; feed your own well, if you want to prove it. And as for birds!

Some American animal sculptors were raised on the western plains, or mountains, like Borglum and Proctor; while others picked up most of what they knew of animals in cities, perhaps in a zoo.

Most of them got their best ideas about putting the characters of the animal they studied into their work from France, from the work of such artists as the one who made this rooster.

To the true animal artist the very animal itself seems to be hidden in the clay, or stone, or wood, and the artist's task is to get it out by taking the useless material away and revealing the beautiful hidden thing.

Mr. Fox, who carved the ivory elephants at the Newark Museum, says he feels there are elephants in the tusk he works on and that he cuts them free! So Vidal must have felt with his cock. Get a piece of clay and see if you can find your favorite animal hidden in it. If you can, you may be a sculptor yourself. Things just as strange are happening every day.



Stories of the Statues

7. The Boy with the Thorn.



Newark, N. J.
The Newark Museum Association
1917



Spinario, or The Thorn

This boy has caused scholars no end of trouble. They can't find out who made him, or when, or who lost him, or who found him. They know that a bronze figure like this was placed by a Pope, named Sixtus, in a collection of statues which he made in Rome about twenty years before Columbus discovered America.

When Napoleon conquered Italy he carried off the statue; but it was afterward returned. And in Italy it has remained.

But what had happened to it before 1470? It is supposed then to have been, at that time, almost two thousand years old. No one knows.

You can read learned essays showing that it must have been made at such and such a date; as shown by the fact that the sculptors made hair in this style, or heads of the shape of this one. And one author fixes the date of its making by the fact that, although the boy is pulling a thorn from his foot—which must hurt—he is not making a face over it! It seems that all sculptured faces made over four hundred years before Christ were calm like the face of this boy.

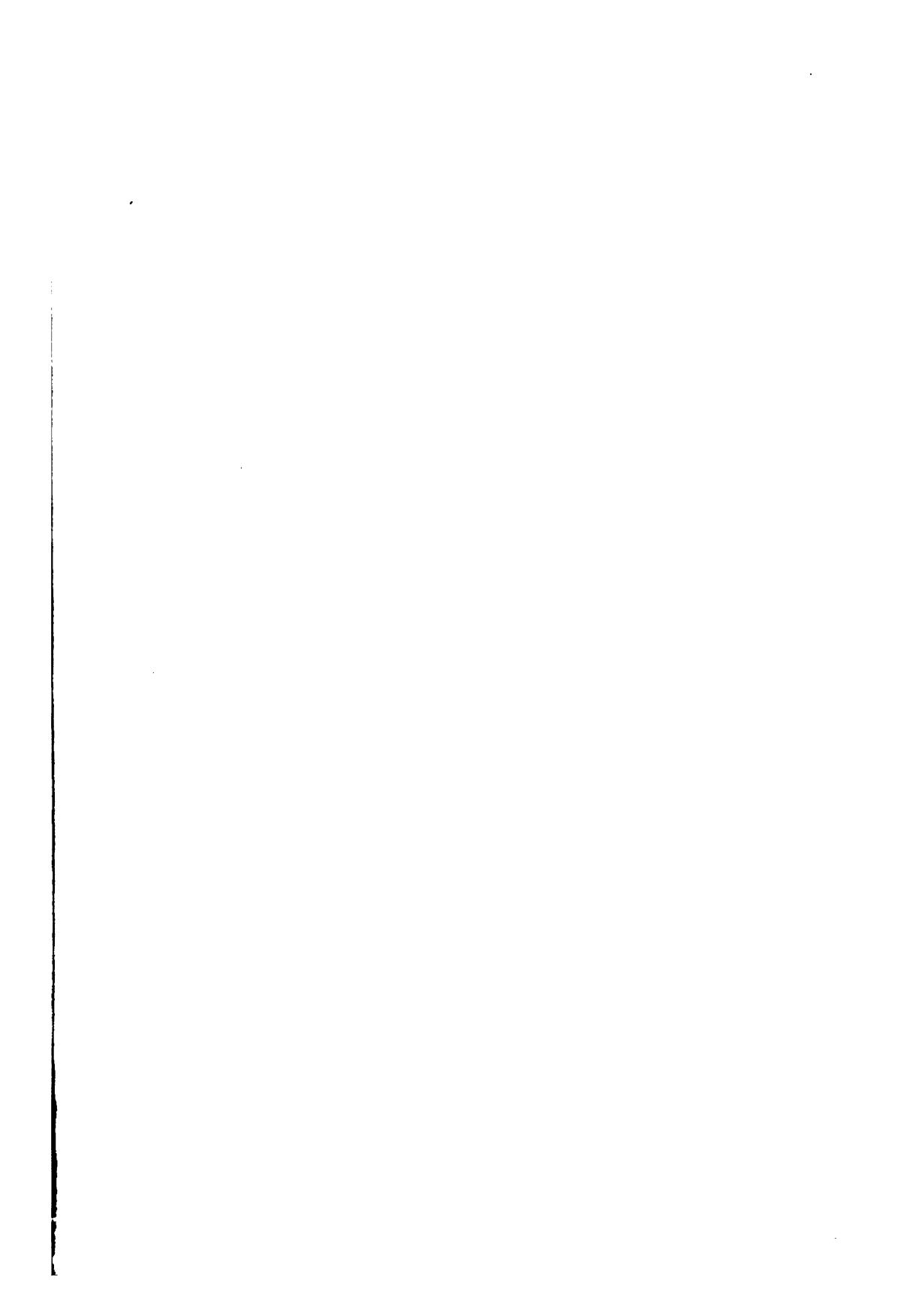
One story about it we know to be untrue, but it is a good story and worth taking. It is this: About four hundred years ago, in one of the old wars of Rome, this shepherd boy was sent to Rome to warn the people that the enemy

was coming, and he ran to the city with a thorn in his foot which he never stopped to pull out until his message was delivered. The statue was therefore called "The Faithful One."

It is a fine thing that plaster copies can so easily be made of the world's great statues. For "The Faithful One" or "Spinario" is a lovely boy, on whose beautifully modeled figure with the curve of its bent back and bowed head we like to gaze.

Many an American student of art who has spent years of study and much money in learning sculpture would give half of all his future earnings if he could hope to be able at last to make a figure like this.

Yet the name of the Greek sculptor is unknown, and if the boy was the victor in some renowned game in those early days, that, too, is unknown. All that is certain is that this is The Boy With a Thorn—Spinario.





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Stories of the statues.
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